

# PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, No. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES BANK.

Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

SATURDAY, May 2, 1801.

### *The Girl of the Mountains.*

(CONTINUED.)

[THE next morning the Lady Abbess sent for ADELAIDE. A long conversation ensued, in which she related the particulars of her story. The Abbess became greatly interested in her favour, and the following day procured a messenger to carry her letter to the Marchioness de Gusman, and also one to the Hermit of the Pyrenees, from whom Adelaide had some hopes of obtaining information respecting the fragment of Lesare's letter, which had left her in such dreadful suspense.

A day or two after she had sent off her letters, the shepherd called at the convent, from whom she learnt that the day she left their cot, the servants of Don Felix had returned, and searched every place most narrowly, and also informed him, that their master was very ill, and would in all probability lose the use of his arm, and that word had been sent to his father of his situation.]

One day after paying her morning devotions to the lady abbess, she was strolling in the cloisters, meditating on the many vicissitudes she had experienced, when a lay-sister came to inform her the Marchioness de Gusman waited for her in the parlour.—Transported, she flew rather than walked, and threw herself into the arms of her dear friend, without observing any one else was present. My sweet child, my dear Adelaide! My beloved, my dear benefactress! were all the words either could

articulate, till the first transports of their meeting were over.

Then, and not till then, she heard a voice, not unknown to her, say, "And may not I too congratulate my amiable friend and myself on this happy meeting?"

She turned, it was the governor, Don Lopez. She held out her hand with the utmost frankness. "Pardon me, my dear sir, if joy at seeing my beloved Marchioness made me inattentive to you, my first friend! Ah! (said she, tears of gratitude flowing down her cheeks,) what do I not owe to you both! How kind, how good, to follow thus an unfortunate orphan, who has only a grateful heart to render for all the inestimable favours you honour her with."

And that heart, my love, (said the Marchioness, pressing her hand,) is all we wish for.—Thank heaven, you are found; but I am dying with desire to know by whom you were carried away, and all that has happened to you: this, however we must postpone, for I am impatient to take you from hence. We can reach Iacca this evening, where we will rest a day or two."

A very tender leave was taken between Adelaide and her convent friends. When they were about to depart, she said to the Marchioness, "There is one family in the village I wish to see, for to them I am chiefly indebted for the happiness I now enjoy."

"By all means, (said the governor, with much vivacity,) let us see those friends, for they are our's also."

She felt the kindness of the expression, and, directing the servants to the shepherd's cottage, she simply told them that she had been there preserved from the greatest evils, and that they had procured for her an asylum in the convent.

An elegant equipage stopping at their but, alarmed the shepherd, his wife and daughter; but when they saw Adelaide descend, they ran to meet her. She embraced them all, told them the happy change in her circumstances, for which, she said, she was entirely indebted to their kindness and hospitality. She introduced them to her friends, and both the Marchioness and Governor gave them handsome marks of their bounty.

Adelaide enquired aside of the shepherd about Don Felix.

"I was a coming to-morrow, (said he,) to tell you.—He has got what they call a slow fever, and is very melancholy, but they think it is because he is vexed to lose the use of his arm, which, as his man said, will be a sad thing to a handsome proper gentleman; but then it might have been his life, and so I think he ought to be thankful, instead of being sorry."

She felt some concern for the state Don Felix had reduced himself to by his follies, but, so as his life was not in danger, she was tolerably reconciled, and, having taken a kind leave of her cottage-friends, they proceeded on to Iacca.

They had no sooner arrived at the post-house at Iacca, than the impatient Marchioness demanded an account of the events subsequent to her morning ramble in the garden. "Before I enter upon my story (returned she,) you must both give me your word of honour that you will never in any shape, resent for me, or injure the person who I must complain of. He already suffers for his errors, and I must entreat that they may not be remembered against him, so as to provoke resentment or retaliation."

"Fear not, madam, (answered Don Lopez;) your commands are sacred. I may detest and despise the man, but his life is safe, if you protect it."

She then entered upon, and gave a succinct account of each circumstance between her and Don Felix, during which the Governor started from his chair once or twice, and bit his lips with great passion, but he spoke not till she had concluded her story. You did well, madam, said he, to demand the safety of Don Felix. By heavens I would have died, or shattered him to atoms.—The loss of an arm—how poor a compensation for what you have suffered!

Adelaide saw with extreme pain, an unusual pensiveness steal over the features of the Governor: his sister had mentioned his distraction when he first heard of her being carried off, his subsequent journeys round every avenue that led to the wood, the numberless messengers he had unsuccessfully employed, and his return to her, quite dispirited and in despair, the day previous to that on which her messenger arrived.

To form a judgment of his feelings for your loss, you should have seen him when the courier arrived, said the Marchioness; I really feared for his head, nor could have formed any idea how dangerous it is with some people to feel joy to excess, till I witnessed his transports. I believe, my dear Adelaide, you will do me justice on the score of affection for you, and give me credit for the happiness I felt in the prospect of having you restored to us; but, indeed, the passions of men are so wild and extravagant, that my sober brother gave way to the intoxication of the moment, and was more than half mad.

Now his disorder has taken a different turn; for, instead of being gay and animated by your presence, he looks dejected, pale and thoughtful. Ah, my sweet Adelaide, he wants that fortitude and resolution I would have expected from my brother. How often has he read lessons to me on those subjects; he feels now the difference between theory and practice.

These observations were very distressing to Adelaide. She wished to return with the Marchioness, that they might be separated from the governor, at the same time condemning herself for insensibility and ingratitude.

They had now been at Iacca six days, no intelligence had arrived from the convent, and Adelaide began to despair of receiving any. She was ashamed to keep her friends waiting there for her, and told them so. I can write to the lady-abbess, and letters will follow us.

She rose up, on saying this, and withdrew into a small grove of chestnuts, behind the house, where she sometimes stole to, when willing to enjoy a quarter of an hour alone.

She had not been long out of the room, before the Marchioness was told a person on horseback inquired for her: she gave orders for his admittance.

You come from the French Pyrenees, do you not? said she.

Yes, madam, answered he, but last from the convent of St. Mary—There is a letter.

She saw it was directed to herself, and was surprised; hastily opening it, the contents were these:

MADAM,

PREPARE your amiable young friend for good and unexpected news:—HER FATHER LIVES! though he at present wanders in unknown places: it is supposed he is tracing the route of the countess le Marr. Chance discovered to the hermit, and another person, interested for Adelaide, that she was in your castle, and under your protection; but this information came after the Count de Beauvais had left the hermit, who hopes that worthy and unfortunate nobleman will be guided by the hand of Providence to the embraces of his amiable daughter.

I thought it best, madam, to write to you, that you might act as appears best for the repose of your friend. I commend you all to the protection of the Holy Virgin, and my prayers will be offered up to the throne of grace, for your everlasting happiness. Yours's,

THE ABBESS OF ST. MARY.

Just and merciful God! cried the Marchioness, how wonderful are thy ways, how gracious thy dispensations!—Unexpected news indeed!—How shall I prepare the dear girl for such delightful tidings!

Don Lopez looked over the letter: Most sincerely I rejoice at your friend's happy prospects, tho' she will be lost to us; for, doubtless, when the Count finds her, they will return to their own country.

We will not anticipate evil, answered the Marchioness, nor suffer any selfish consideration to interfere in the happiness of the person we love.

They consulted for some time how to break this momentous event to her, trembling for the consequences of her extreme sensibility.

After walking for near an hour, Adelaide returned, rather oppressed, from the painful recollections that obtruded on her mind.

For some time every one seemed occupied by their own thoughts. At length, the governor said, I hope our expected messenger will arrive before this time to-morrow.

I rather wish than expect it, replied Adelaide, for sure his absence has been unreasonably long.

But should he bring good news, we will forgive him, returned the Marchioness, I confess I am much puzzled to conjecture what this news will come to. Sometimes I indulge very extravagant and unlikely ideas.

Of what nature, dear madam? asked Adelaide.

Why, forgive me for touching on the subject, but I could almost think it possible—only that you seem so sure of the contrary, that there may exist a probability that—but why should I mention my foolish visions?

Dear Madam, cried she, pray tell me what these visions are?

Promise me your pardon for speaking on the afflicting subject, returned her friend, but really I am inclined sometimes to believe that Providence might very wonderfully interfere, and that your father—

Gracious God! exclaimed Adelaide, starting from her seat, my father!—O what of my father?

Do not thus alarm yourself, my dear girl, I may be wrong—I may be right, in believing, in hoping that this promised news relates to him, and that his valuable life, by some unforeseen means, might have been preserved.

Adelaide, who was standing, was now seized with a fit of trembling. She sunk back in her chair. Tell me, said she, faintly, you would not raise false hopes.

Then, my dearest child, compose yourself and prepare to hear good news indeed.

Before the last word had quite reached her ear, she gave a deep sigh, and would have fallen on the floor, had not the governor, who had attentively watched her, caught her in his arms.

Water, and the usual remedies, soon recalled her to life. She looked unutterable things; she gasped for breath, but could not speak.

My dearest love, my amiable child! cried the kind Marchioness, kissing her cheek, do not sink under joy, after so nobly bearing sorrow; no happiness is quite perfect. Your noble father does live, and is now in search of you. That beneficent Being, who has so wonderfully raised him from the bed of death, will, in his own good time, restore him to you.

No words can describe the look, the inimitable action of Adelaide, when, turning her fine eyes to heaven, and raising her clasped hands, her lips only moved, but her whole countenance seemed illumined, beaming with unutterable joy and gratitude to heaven;—words would have been superfluous—it was her heart that spoke.

The governor poured out a glass of wine, and requested she would drink it; she took the glass, looked first at the one, and then at the other, My father, my father will thank you! she cried, and fell into a strong convulsion.

They were terrified to death, the fit held her long, and when she recovered, she was so weak and ill, that they were obliged to put her immediately to bed.

The governor was distracted, his sister little better, but some drops that she procured, took effect. She fell into a sweet sleep for several hours, and to their inexpressible joy, waked composed and able to speak. She requested particulars; the letter from the Abbess was given to her; she read it with unspeakable transports, pressed it to her lips—to her heart, and several times looked with grateful reverence towards heaven.

When she had read it over a dozen times, still thinking she should discover more on every reading, she embraced the Marchioness—she held out her hand to the governor.

My best friends, said she, O how I rejoice, my father will bless you both for this goodness to his Adelaide! He will find us: I hope God will grant me patience, and resignation to wait his own good time for our meeting—but every hour will appear an age—I shall see him however; I know I shall: God never does things by halves.

They saw she was not composed enough to talk upon the subject, and therefore changed it, by telling her of the arrival at the castle, of Don Diego and his family.



Ah, said she, I wish I could see Donna Isabella; her artful brother confessed to me he had intercepted my letter to her. I tho't she would not voluntarily neglect me.

I sent forward the letter you committed to my care, said Don Lopez.

I doubt it not, answered she, you are all goodness to me, how my dear father will love you for it! But why do we remain here now?—If he follows the countess, he will be at Estella, perhaps at your house. Let us go—O that countess! I had forgotten; should they meet, what might be the consequence. Little does he think who the countess le Marr is—Cruel woman! she made sure work: we cannot raise my mother from the grave.—Wretch that she is, how great will be her condemnation!

The Marchioness saw her head and heart were still a little disturbed, she therefore requested she would go to bed, and the following day they would depart for Estella.

They met the next morning with eagerness and delight on all sides. Adelaide appeared quite a new creature; joy, hope and expectation had illumined her features. Her friends partook of the happiness she seemed to feel, and she gratefully observed it.

My beloved Marchioness, my dear Governor, how much am I indebted to you both for these marks of affection and gratitude. I scarcely remember any part of my behaviour yesterday, but I am sure I caused some trouble and anxiety: even now it appears like a pleasing vision, that I dare not flatter myself will be realized; nor can I entirely shake off doubt and wonder, until I know through what means the life of my dear parent was preserved.

It is sufficient for your peace, answered the Marchioness, to know that the fact is established, and a short time now, I hope, will elucidate every thing to your satisfaction.

Don Lopez had not yet spoken. The expression of "dear governor," and the look that accompanied these words, had penetrated to his heart, filled his bosom with the most tender emotions, and he observed with rapture that the reserve she maintained towards him wore off, and that every look seemed directed by regard and tenderness.

Adelaide, who still preserved a grateful regard for Isabella, and thought it possible the increased disorder of Don Felix might arise from repentance, and the uncertainty of her fate, wrote a few lines to that young lady, in which she said, That she had been at Iacca with the Marchioness de Gusman, and was now about to return with that lady to her country-house; and, having accidentally heard of her arrival in Arragon, she wrote to entreat the favour of hearing from her, having much to communicate of happiness to herself; if, as she hoped, Donna Isabella still preserved an interest for her welfare, she would rejoice to hear that she had recovered a father.—

Every thing being prepared for their journey, they left Iacca to cross the country for Estella. They travelled rather expeditiously, and, on the second day, passing through a wood between Aarragon and Navarre, at the foot of a mountain, they saw before them, in the narrow road, a carriage broke down, two women on the ground, and a

man endeavouring to help them, while another was examining the carriage.

The governor galloped up to the ladies, while the Marchioness and Adelaide alighted, and walked after him. As they advanced, and saw him leap from his horse to assist them, they observed he stepped back, as if surprised or shocked. They quickened their pace; he met them. Be not surprised, said he, it is Donna Padilla and her woman. You are sufficiently revenged on your enemies, added he, to Adelaide, I fear she has broken her leg, and otherwise much hurt.

The ladies, without speaking, went up to her. She was a stranger to the Marchioness, and had shrieked out when she beheld the governor, how much more was she agonized when she beheld Adelaide, who with a compassionate look and voice, said, Do not be terrified, madam; here are only persons desirous of giving you every possible assistance.

From you! said she, clapping her hands before her eyes, favours from you!—I will die first. Leave me instantly! cried she, in a voice agitated by pain and vexation, if you can forgive, I cannot cease to hate the author of my misery and disgrace!—Go, go! she exclaimed, your presence is worse than death.

The governor thought it time to exert himself; Madam, said he; my sister and I wish to serve you, to alleviate, if possible, what you may suffer from this accident; but if such intemperate language is continued, we must leave you.

You! cried she in an agony of body and mind, you are the cause of all my sorrows and misfortunes, perfidious and ungrateful man! She was choked with a variety of emotions, threw her head violently against the ground, and her woman struggled with her, and with other assistance, lifted her into the chaise.—The Marchioness requested her brother that he would attend and support her, as the woman was not sufficient to guard against her extravagancies. He complied, though not with a good grace; he would have sacrificed every thing to have assisted the poorest of God's creatures; but a woman who would have disgraced her sex, her birth, and every thing dear to a woman, by the unbounded unbridled licentiousness of her passions, he despised her too much to feel even pity for the hurts she had sustained.

He entered the carriage with her however, and was obliged to support her in his arms, for she could not sit upright. The ladies followed in their own chaise, going on to the village Donna Padilla had left. She grew very faint by the time they arrived at a place where she could have medical assistance.

A surgeon soon made his appearance, he pronounced with great importance, that no limbs were broken, but that the case was far worse than a broken limb; the lady was very fortunate in falling in such good hands as himself, who was so competent to the cure of bruises.—But sir, cried the governor, who saw this egotist made no preparation to relieve the lady, if you please we will hear of your merits some other time. The lady requires your immediate care.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Philadelphia Repository.

There are few things which are more the objects of my aversion, than an engagement in any thing which has the most distant resemblance to a literary controversy, in which egotism is a principal ingredient, and which is productive of no entertainment to the reader.—But I must trouble you with a few observations on a piece in your last number, entitled "A Reader's Gleanings, No. 3." the subject of which is the reading of history: I entirely agree with the author, that the study of history is a very good standard to form accurate ideas, and by making the reader an intelligent person, render him more agreeable; but "A Reader's" ideas seem to have received an unjustifiable bias to ancient histories, and his opinion, that men of sense can have no relish for the company of a woman who has not employed herself in in poring over the historic pages of Greece or Rome, appears to have been adopted in a crude undigested state, without much reflexion. One question I would ask him;—of what advantage, what real utility is a perfect acquaintance with the histories of governments which have been destroyed for such a length of time, which has scarcely left a vestige of the fabric, and which have no particular reference to ourselves, productive? the history of our own country is useful, and no person will I believe attempt to dispute it, and the histories of various countries, having a connection with our own, are also so in a degree, that a person, when they should be the topic of conversation, might be able to join and converse upon them: but it must be recollected, that in very few companies it ever turns upon the remote ages when Greece and Rome flourished in their grandeur. Still it may be said, that a person ought to be armed at all points (if I may use the phrase) that they ought to possess knowledge sufficient to discourse upon any subject that is introduced;—but ladies are never supposed to have turned their attention wholly to such studies, and consequently the subject is seldom alluded to when in their company. These are my genuine ideas, though hastily put together, without the ornamental flowers of composition, but it was not to display my talent at it that I assumed the pen.

IGNOTUS.

#### ON A LADY SLEEPING.

When for the worlds repose Celia sleeps,  
See Cupid hovers o'er the maid, and weeps:  
Well may'st thou weep fond boy, thy power dies;

Thou hast no darts, when Celia has no eyes.



## Commentator, No. 7.

*Look round the habitable world, how few  
Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue.*

DRYDEN.

MAN alone, of all the members of creation, possesses the faculty of discriminating between good and evil; he alone can nicely discern the right path from the wrong, which to pursue in his journey through "this vale of tears." But not withstanding the Author of his being has endowed him with the instinctive knowledge, that it is for his temporal and eternal happiness to choose the path of virtue, how many do we see advancing with rapidity to that of vice! Man, conscious of the superiority of his nature, seldom condescends to consult this power, or to act according to its dictates: one "master passion" assumes the reigns and destroys the effect of it, pointing out to him what he should do to obtain happiness *here*, without troubling himself with devising means to possess it in *another scene*. The usurping power urges him forward to grasp the form of happiness, which, till he possesses, he knows not is an imposter, and that *care* lies hidden under the fair disguise. It is the desertion of his better judgment, which leads him to follow the whim of the moment, in direct opposition to the admonition of this innate principle, that would teach him to adhere to the paths of virtue, which though at first rugged, ends in tranquil and permanent happiness. There is something so seducing in the flowery paths of vice, that, like the rattle-snake, it fascinates those who are unprepared to resist its attractions, to their own destruction, and leaves them ruined in principle and reputation, to the vain regret that they listened to its syren voice, which tempted them to deviate from the track which led to virtue and real happiness. Weak minds are by no means solely susceptible of vicious sensations, though those who are capable of penetrating the mask which disguises the deformed features of vice, ought to have sufficient firmness to resist her approaches. Folly when carried to extremes becomes a grade of vice, but never arrives at such maturity as to become very formidable.

It is really astonishing, that absurdity in dress should be so prevalent as it is among the sex who ought to turn their attention to things of more importance to themselves, and more utility to society, and not encroach upon the department of the other, whose constitutional delicacy, disables them from attending to the laborious concerns of the community, and who have hitherto, at least

in this country, held as their exclusive privilege, the right of setting off their attractions by all the auxiliary aid of dress. Now, however, they will have to yield to the encroachment of some *male beauties*, who having but little to do in the more busy scenes of life, or too indolent to perform their parts, and having nothing besides to be vain of, have resolved to participate in the right of improving their personal appearance, by calling to their assistance "the foreign aid of ornament;" and afford us an experimental definition of the term *Macaroni*, of which, till of late years, we were obliged to recur to our dictionaries, to learn the signification. Thus we find the happiness of one class of men consists, in sacrificing at the altar of fashion, and in distinguishing themselves as the most enthusiastic of her votaries; forgetful that " 'tis manners make the man," and content to be considered by the wiser part of mankind as little more than monkeys, if they only attain perfect singularity. The entrance to the road to happiness is always open, and may be found with facility by all, but "*few there are who go in thereat.*" Some conceive the summit of temporal happiness to be attained, if in possession of posts of honour or power, others in the accumulation of riches, which they cannot enjoy.

It is no doubt wisely ordained, that no persons should entertain exactly the same ideas of the same thing, and it is owing to this that every person pursues this visionary thing termed *happiness*, in a different manner from his neighbour. To act uprightly is allowed by all, to be the only sure way to felicity here and hereafter, and almost every one endeavours to inculcate this doctrine; but alas! how few follow it. The immortal bard of Britain (as Shakespeare is stiled) makes use of sentiments perfectly analogous to my own, and expressed with so much more accuracy, that I shall not hesitate to quote them. "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes's palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instruction; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of that twenty to follow my own teaching." Thus every one knows that to do justly, and live innocently and virtuously, is the only road to happiness—but few, very few indeed, act according to their knowledge. J.

ANECDOTE. An astrologer condemned to the gibbet, being asked why he did not foresee his fate and avoid it, replied, "I saw clearly I was to be exalted, but I did not enquire of the stars how it was to be."

For the Philadelphia Repository.

## ON THE MEANS OF READING WITH MOST ADVANTAGE.

NO. 1.

IT is certain, that there are many students who impair their health in a continual course of reading and literary labour, without any adequate returns of pleasure or improvement. With a view to relieve students of this description, who are usually virtuous and amiable, I will endeavour to suggest a few hints, which may possibly contribute to render their reading more agreeable and advantageous.

In order to receive the proper advantage from reading, it must be rendered a pleasing employment. We enter upon a study which is irksome and disgusting with reluctance, we attend to it superficially, and we relinquish it without reflecting upon it in a degree sufficient for the purpose of improvement. Instead of thinking of it uniformly and steadily, we drive it from our minds as the cause of uneasiness.

The first and most important object is, to form a strong attachment to those parts of science, or to those books, which our judgment directs us to study. There are various methods conducive to this end; but perhaps, none are more effectual than that of conversing with men of sense and genius, on the books and the subject we purpose to examine. There is a warmth and spirit in conversation, which renders subjects which might otherwise appear cold and lifeless, interesting and animated. As soon as we have attained, by reading, a competent knowledge of a book, or particular subject, it will contribute greatly to animate us in proceeding still further, if we talk of it either with our equals in attainments, or with the learned and experienced. In such conversation we venture to advance an opinion, our self-love renders us solicitous to maintain it, we seek the aid of a book as an auxiliary, we therefore read it with eager attention; and I believe it will be difficult to avoid loving that which we attend to frequently and with eagerness; so that, in this manner an attachment to books and literary employments is gradually formed, and what began in labour or necessity, becomes the choice, and constitutes a most agreeable pleasure. JUVENIS.

REMARK. Since misfortunes cannot be avoided, let them be generously borne. None can expect an exemption from the common lot of mankind; and no person is truly great but he that keeps up the same dignity of mind in all conditions.



For the Philadelphia Repository.

## THE DISAPPOINTED MAN.

A FRAGMENT.

*"With trembling awe, I tune the frantic lyre,  
 "Bemoan the ebbings of life's purple tide—  
 "Paint the last glim'rings of the vital fire;  
 "How down death's valley all our comforts  
 glide.*

NO more shall the wood-land, the enamell'd lawn, or a towering hill feel the light pressure of my trembling feet: In vain the grotto opens its flower-deck'd, cool, and shaded entrance—I fly all blissful scenes, all former joys: court but your weeping willows, and the mournful bird, that nightly on the wither'd oak's high branch pours forth, in all the melody of tender anguish, her soul-distracting plaint. Could you but hear one note, *one wild pathetic note*, you'd sit with me on yonder moss-clad rock, and list for ever! There is more sense, more meaning in its broken sounds, than all the art of poor, mechanic man could e'er produce—But why do I talk of man: why talk of life; what is it?—"A taper; a snuff; a little blaze," that hovers round its mouldering socket, and struggling, tries to free itself and escape into nothing. Existence is but a name, a laugh, a tear, and all is over. This world is but an hour's resting place: A dark unwholesome valley;—a little spot, on which we stop to look around us. Yes, here we stop to think of, and prepare for, an unchanging hereafter. He who has a companion, who has a friend, to whom he can communicate his ideas as they rise, is happy, is enviable, is all that man can wish.

We quit the blooming shore of infant security, deck'd with the sails of fancy, inflated by the wishes of hope. All before us gleams of pleasure, all around consents to happiness. But say—O! wretched self! how soon thy little tinselled bark glided unconscious into a whirlpool of misfortune! how soon thou found thyself lost in a sea of trouble, the waves pouring in upon thee, and no—no friendly hand to stop thy ruin. However, it is over—it is past, and I will not complain. I will listen to my mournful friend, and dry up every tear. Sing, sweet Philomel—sing, for the shades have surrounded me—the shades of night—of an eternal night press hard upon me.

The poor lonely traveller, who heaves his sighs, unnoticed and unheeded, on the bosom of the fleeting gale;—he has the warm tear from my heart—has all that I can give him. I will dwell upon his sorrows; brood o'er his misfortunes; observe the path he trode; set me down in the

same lonely spot, where he bound his aching heart, and in his wildness of despair, blew out the blaze of life. Yes, there I'll throw my shattered frame, and like a worm, mix with my parent earth.—For what is life to me? what "all the pleasures sense and reason can boast," the pompous list of ineffectual joys? Stale scenes, by crazy painters drawn! rehearsed by madmen, when the ill-fated moon plays on the melting brain, and works distraction.—There was a time, when I thought all was gay; when I looked on thorns as roses; when Nature bloomed, and not a cloud obscured the face of joy.—Yes, I passed heedless along, and saw a smile on every cheek. All was cheerfulness—all contentment.—Alas! the dream is over! my slumbers are broken! and a day of wretchedness dawns upon me!

But hush! hush, every sorrow—I will not—will not rail. Ye all misguiding passions, who lead astray the unguarded, unsuspecting mind; turning the feeble will from the smooth path of rectitude to a never-ceasing labyrinth of nameless follies; for one short hour sink softly into rest. Leave the poor tenement of the wretch ye have ruined, and let him, with calmness, bid adieu to all who travel life's dark vale of tears!

My friends, my fellow travellers! ye who drop the tear of commiseration—who gently soothe the pain ye cannot cure, and with the trembling hand of mournful duty close the wan eye of chilling death; adieu!—I would give you a blessing; but what have the wretched—what the unfortunate, but crowding reflections which harrow up the sinking soul, and gladly urge them to a last adieu!

B. K. N.

## Adventures in a Castle.

An Original Story.

PREVIOUS to the revolution which has convulsed Europe, and before peace and order were banished from the bosom of France, lived Monsieur Boileau. His chateau was situated on the border of a small stream which glided through a romantic valley in the province of Burgundy. He had formerly resided in the capital, and had ever borne an unblemished character; but having the misfortune of being bereft of the partner of his felicity, he purchased this small spot, to which he retired, accompanied by his two sons, Louis and Henry, neither of them of an age capable of feeling the severity of their loss: Louis the eldest being but thirteen, and his brother two years younger. Monsieur Boileau here

employed the principal part of his time in instructing his two children in every branch of science, and with pleasure observed the progress they made in their studies, and the justice of their observations on the various authors, whose works he had submitted to their perusal. Several years had passed away, and the two brothers had nearly attained the age of maturity, when the hand of death deprived them of their father: sincere was their grief on this occasion, for they had always loved him with the fondest affection. On his death-bed he committed them to the care of his friend Monsieur Dupont, then an inhabitant of Dijon, the capital of the province, who received the weeping orphans with tenderness, sympathized with their sorrows, and soothed their afflictions, by his kind attention. It may not be amiss here to observe, that Monsieur Boileau was a descendant of a noble house, and that if he had survived his brother the Count de Vauban, he would have inherited his title, therefore Louis his eldest son, became the heir apparent of his uncle: between the Count and his brother a difference had long subsisted, and which was not terminated by the death of the latter, but the enmity was continued to his innocent nephews; though as his brother had left a very considerable fortune, and his own was too small to support his extravagance, he pretended to entertain a great affection for them, that he might have an opportunity of executing his villainous designs. Monsieur Dupont, whom his friend Boileau, appointed guardian of his children, was a gentleman who had too great an acquaintance with the world and its arts, to suffer himself to be deceived by a specious appearance, he therefore minutely noticed the Count's conduct, and acted with caution in any thing with which he was concerned. Shortly after the young Boileau's were numbered amongst the family, Dupont removed to his country seat: it was a large house, and it appeared as if it had stood for centuries, by the ruinous condition of many parts of it. It had been bequeathed to him by a distant relation in its present state; but admiring the grandeur of its situation, and the beautiful scenery which surrounded it, he had resolved to spare no expense in making it suitable to receive his family, during the summer months. He had therefore repaired the north wing of the building, and determined to refit the whole in the ensuing year. This spot they made their retreat, and were frequently visited by the Count de Vauban, who would often spend whole weeks with them.



But this seeming friendship for his nephews did not lull the watchfulness of Mr. Dupont, and frequently while tracing the various avenues to the southern wing of the house, he would perceive himself carefully followed, by the scrutinizing eye of the faithful guardian. Although he was sensible that he was the object of the suspicion of Monsieur Dupont, yet it did not deter him from contriving further plans to deprive his nephews of their estate. One night Henry, the youngest, complained of a slight indisposition, and retired unusually early to bed; at breakfast hour the next morning he had not appeared, which his guardian attributed to his not having rested well the preceding night, owing to his trifling illness, but when the dinner-bell rung, and he had not been seen, he became seriously alarmed for his safety, and instantly, attended by Louis, entered his chamber, when, to their astonishment, he was not to be found. To conjecture where he was, or by what unaccountable manner he had disappeared, was almost impossible, but all the supposition that could be entertained by Mr. Dupont was, that it had been effected by foul means, and the suspicion of the deed rested on the Count, who had departed early on the morning. Thus did they remain, when the idea presented itself to the mind of Mr. Dupont that probably some of the servants had been prevailed upon by the Count to poison their food, and that though himself and Louis had escaped, yet Henry might have fallen a victim to the plot, and had been removed in the night.

(To be continued.)

*Naturalists pretend that animals and birds, as well as "knotted oaks," as Congreve informs us, are exquisitely sensible to the charms of music. The following story may serve as an instance.*

AN officer in France having spoken somewhat too freely of the minister Louvois, was, as once was the custom, immediately consigned to the Bastile. He requested the Government to permit him the use of his lute, to soften by the harmonies of his instrument, the rigors of his prison—At the end of a few days, this modern Orpheus, playing on his lute, was greatly astonished to see frisking out of their holes great numbers of mice; and descending from their woven habitations, crowds of spiders, who formed a circle about him, while he continued his soul-subduing instrument. His surprize was at first so great, that he was petrified with astonishment, when, having ceased to play, the assembly, who did not come to see his person, but to hear his instrument, immediately broke up. As he had a great dislike to spiders, it was two days before he ventured again to touch his instrument.—At length having conquered, for the novelty of his company, his dislike to them, he re-commenced his concert, when the assembly was by far more numerous than at first; and in the course of some time, he found himself surrounded by a hundred MUSICAL AMATEURS. Having thus succeeded in attracting his company, he treacherously contrived to get rid of them at his will. For this purpose he begged the keeper to give him a cat, which he put into a cage, and let loose at the instant when the little hairy people were most entranced by the Orphean skill he displayed.

Answer to T. W. de la TIENDA's Question, April 25.

JOHN's woful case I took in hand,  
Because I felt much pity;  
That Nan should such a task demand,  
Merely to shew her witty.

'Till anxious John had nearly crack'd  
The mainsprings of his brain,  
And every faculty had rack'd  
For Nan, but all in vain.

Why, cruel Nan! would'st thou perplex,  
And vex his anxious breast?  
Thou art the picture of thy sex,  
A type of all the rest.

Cease then friend John thy hopeless grief,  
Thy case is not so bad;  
I'll be thy friend to give relief,  
Ere thou art gone quite mad.

I'll solve the problem, find the day,  
When Nancy shall be thine;  
But stop—one word—I needs must say,  
Nancy shou'd ne'er be mine.

Mind John, if she pretends to wit,  
And finds thou'rt but so so,  
She'll ever tease, torment, and twit,  
And fill thy life with woe.

Sould'st thou make Nan thy wife to day,  
I'll tell thee to thy sorrow,  
Thy glowing prospects she'll betray;  
She'll be thy plague to-morrow.

But mar this hint, should'st thou persist  
To crave Nan's willing hand,  
Still in thy cause I will inlist,  
And answer her demand.

One sixth of twenty-four is four,  
One fourth of it is six;  
To these add four, just and no more,  
Then fourteen we affix.

This is the number, but ten less,  
Which Nan has fixt upon,  
Then on the twenty-fourth she'll bless,  
Or curse adoring John.

R. W.

*This above sum worked by another hand.*

$$\begin{array}{r|l} 1 \times + 8c - & 1 \left| \begin{array}{l} \frac{a}{6} + \frac{a}{4} + 4 = a - 10 \\ 14a = 336 \\ a = \frac{336}{14} = 24 \text{ Answer.} \end{array} \right. \\ 2 \div 14 & 2 \left| \begin{array}{l} \frac{a}{6} + \frac{a}{4} + 4 = a - 10 \\ 14a = 336 \\ a = \frac{336}{14} = 24 \text{ Answer.} \end{array} \right. \end{array}$$

PROOF.

$$\begin{array}{r} \frac{24}{6} = 4 \\ \frac{24}{4} = 6 \\ + 4 \\ \hline 14 = 24 - 10. \end{array}$$

$$14 = 24 - 10.$$

K.

The answer communicated by "A Youth" is also correct, and the verses appropriate, but anticipated by "R. W."

Answer to the Question of the Lad and his Apples, in the 19th Number.

$$\begin{array}{l} 1 \text{ involv'd } 3 \\ 2 + 8c - \\ 4 \text{ involv'd } 3 \\ 4 \text{ in } 2 \times 9 \\ 4 \times 3 \\ 5 \text{ in numbers } \\ 6 \text{ in numbers } \\ 8 - 9 \\ 7 \text{ in numbers } \\ 10 - 11 \\ 12 + 90 \\ 13 \div 9 \\ 14 \text{ c. } \Pi \\ 15 \text{ involv'd } 2 \\ 16 - .15 \end{array} \quad \begin{array}{l} 1 \left| \begin{array}{l} 30a + 43 = a - 3 \end{array} \right\} \text{ by the Question.} \\ 2 \left| \begin{array}{l} 30a + 43 = a - 3 \\ 30a + 43 = a - 3 \end{array} \right. \\ 3 \left| \begin{array}{l} 30a + 43 = a - 3 \\ 30a + 43 = a - 3 \end{array} \right. \\ 4 \left| \begin{array}{l} 30a + 43 = a - 3 \\ 30a + 43 = a - 3 \end{array} \right. \\ 5 \left| \begin{array}{l} 30a + 43 = a - 3 \\ 30a + 43 = a - 3 \end{array} \right. \\ 6 \left| \begin{array}{l} 30a + 43 = a - 3 \\ 30a + 43 = a - 3 \end{array} \right. \\ 7 \left| \begin{array}{l} 30a + 43 = a - 3 \\ 30a + 43 = a - 3 \end{array} \right. \\ 8 \left| \begin{array}{l} 30a + 43 = a - 3 \\ 30a + 43 = a - 3 \end{array} \right. \\ 9 \left| \begin{array}{l} 30a + 43 = a - 3 \\ 30a + 43 = a - 3 \end{array} \right. \\ 10 \left| \begin{array}{l} 30a + 43 = a - 3 \\ 30a + 43 = a - 3 \end{array} \right. \\ 11 \left| \begin{array}{l} 30a + 43 = a - 3 \\ 30a + 43 = a - 3 \end{array} \right. \\ 12 \left| \begin{array}{l} 30a + 43 = a - 3 \\ 30a + 43 = a - 3 \end{array} \right. \\ 13 \left| \begin{array}{l} 30a + 43 = a - 3 \\ 30a + 43 = a - 3 \end{array} \right. \\ 14 \left| \begin{array}{l} 30a + 43 = a - 3 \\ 30a + 43 = a - 3 \end{array} \right. \\ 15 \left| \begin{array}{l} 30a + 43 = a - 3 \\ 30a + 43 = a - 3 \end{array} \right. \\ 16 \left| \begin{array}{l} 30a + 43 = a - 3 \\ 30a + 43 = a - 3 \end{array} \right. \end{array}$$

PROOF.

$$7\frac{1}{2} = \frac{15}{2} \text{ of } \frac{10}{1} = \frac{15}{2} = 7.5.$$

$$\text{Then } 75 \times 4 = 300$$

And  $300 + 43 = 343$  of which extract the Cube root, and you will have it  $= 7$  which is 3 less than the number requested.

K.



## PHILADELPHIA, MAY 2, 1801.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Lavinia*," and "*A Mother*," shall have a place in the next number.

"*J. M. P.*" will be attended to in due time.

"*Nugator's*" first number appears to be only an introduction—upon the receipt of the second, (if approved of,) it will be inserted.

"*The Duellist*, No. 2." is received—should the publication of these numbers be determined upon, the editor will at least be under the necessity of postponing them for some weeks.

Several other productions are under consideration.

✶ JEMMY and NANNY—a Ballad—set to Music by Dr. ARNE, accompanies this week's Repository.

### LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival of the Ship *Sampson*, *Adamson*, at New York, in 23 days from London, papers have been received to MARCH TWENTY-EIGHTH inclusive. The following contains a brief SUMMARY of their contents.

The English are fitting out a new powerful expedition to the North, to destroy or cripple the marine of Sweden and Denmark, before a junction can be formed with the Russian fleet, by which the confederacy, calculated on putting to sea a force of 50 sail of the line. A flotilla of 200 sail was shortly expected in the Sound, destined for the defence of the coasts.

To animate the movements making in his territories, the King of Denmark has quitted the capital, and established a provisory government to act during his absence.

The Brest fleet, consisting of 4 ships of the line, and 8 frigates full of men, have sailed from that port, their destination unknown.

The success of the French in Germany, their peace with the Emperor, the menaces of Russia, and the fear of a rupture with England, involve the Port in the utmost embarrassment. Ten ships of the line, ready to sail, had been delayed in the Turkish harbours, by order of the Grand Seigneur.

An engagement was talked of at Constantinople, as having taken place between the English and the French off the coast of

Egypt, the latter end of January. The force of the latter, it is said, comprised 12 ships of war, of which 6 were captured, 2 sunk, and 2 got into Alexandria.

The Leyden Gazette announces, upon what authority is not known, That the Hereditary Prince of Orange is to be created First Consul of the Batavian Republic, thro' the good offices of the King of Prussia, his relation; and that the Directorial Government will shortly be changed for this purpose into the Consular.

A minister has been sent from Hamburg to Paris, for the purpose of re-establishing the relations of amity, between that city and the French Republic.

Ireland is still in a state of convulsion, and the country is subject to martial law.

It is said that new overtures for peace are making from the English to the French government, and Lord St. Helen is to be the negotiator.

The American Agent at Paris has addressed the following note to the American Agents of the different ports of France.

"A Circular Letter of M. I. L. Cathcart, Agent of the United States at Tripoli in Barbary, dated the 3d of January last, informs me, that that Regency has made an official declaration of war against the United the United States; and that the King of Sweden, having concluded a treaty with that power the frigates of this sovereign in the Mediterranean can no longer protect our vessels against the Tripolian cruisers. I request that you would communicate this disagreeable intelligence to our merchants and captains, and to those of the American agents with whom you have any intercourse." [Mer. Ad.]

### A CURIOUS FACT.

KEENE, (N. H.) April 18. On the 1st inst, as Mr John Butler of this town was digging a Cellar, he found under a stump, 2 house adders, 5 striped, 15 green, and 28 white bellied Snakes, making 50 in the whole. They were all, excepting the house adders, in a torpid state, not having felt the influence of the sun. The adders were about 36, the striped snakes 24, the green 18, and the yellow bellied 12 inches in length. We believe it a fact not generally known, of so many kinds of serpents going together into winter quarters. Mr. B. would willingly conclude, if inclined to be superstitious, that in slaying them he had at length conquered his enemies!

The English have taken the Islands of St. Bartholomews, St. Martins, St. Croix and St. Thomas, in the West Indies.

Captain William Bainbridge, late commander of the frigate *George Washington*, is appointed to the command of the *Essex*, one of the ships to be retained in service.

The following are the names, with their order of rank, of the nine captains who are retained in the navy.

1 Talbot.	6 Barron.
2 Truxton.	7 Tryon.
3 Morris.	8 Rogers.
4 Murray.	9 Bainbridge.
5 Cross.	

In the course of the seventh year of the French Republic, there appeared in France 1407 new publications: 60 on legislation, 177 romances, 33 Almanacs, 16 Philosophical, and three Theological writings.

### Marriages.

MARRIED—In this City—On the 28th ult. the amiable and accomplished Mrs. Mason, a blooming widow, to Mr. Joseph Fox, both of this City.—On the 29th, by the Rev. Mr. Milledollar, Mr. Henry J. Kennedy, to Miss Jane Skellinger, both of this City.

—At East Followfield, in Chester Connty, by James M. Gibbons, Esq. George W. Gibbons, to Miss Elizabeth Gladden, all of that place.

—At Albany, in the state of New York, by the Rev. Thomas Ellison, Goldsborough Banyer, jun. Esq. to Miss Maria Jay, daughter of Governor Jay.

### Death.

DIED—On the 26th ult. at his house on Fell's Point, Mr. William Encor, in the 59th year of his age, after a few days illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude and resignation.

### The Art of Imitation.

FAITHFUL AND STRIKING LIKENESSES, IN MINIATURE, AS WELL AS IN CRAYON,

Elegantly Executed, at NO. 112, Sassafras, or Race-street; where every Application will be duly and punctually attended to.

✶ The ARTIST is from PARIS.

### To be Let,

The Dwelling House in Spruce-street, between Third and Fourth-streets, opposite to Mr. Bingham's Garden, and now occupied by the Vicount de Noailles. Possession will be given against the 27th of May next; if this is wanted sooner, the 1st and 2d stories may immediately be obtained. For further particulars enquire of

WILLIAM MARSHALL,  
No. 118, Spruce-street.



# TEMPLE OF THE MUSES

## QUESTION FOR THE REPOSITORY.

BY JUNIUS.

I Fain would plant a grove of poplar trees,  
To shade my lawn, and whistle in the breeze;

But how to form the group to please my mind,

I hope some abler hand for me will find.  
Artists I pray this mystery disclose,  
And thirteen trees plant in a dozen rows;  
Let all but one of equal distance be,  
And let the number in each row be three.

## THE BLACKSMITH.

AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.

OF all the trades that ever I see,  
There's none to a *blacksmith* compared may be;

With so many several tools works he—  
Which nobody can deny.

The first that ever thunder-bolts made,  
Was a Cyclops of the *blacksmith* trade;  
As in a learned author is said—  
Which nobody can deny.

When thund'ring like we strike about,  
The fire like light'ning flashes out;  
Which suddenly with water we d'out—  
Which nobody can deny.

The fairest goddess in the skies,  
To marry with *Vulcan* did advise,  
And he was a *blacksmith* grave and wise—  
Which nobody can deny,

*Vulcan*, he to do her right,  
Did build her a town by day and by night;  
And gave it a name which was *Hammer-smith*\* height—  
Which nobody can deny.

*Vulcan*, farther did acquaint her,  
That a pretty estate he would appoint her,  
And gave her *Sec-cole-lane*† for a jointure—  
Which nobody can deny.

And that no enemy might wrong her,  
He built her a fort, you'd wish no stronger,  
Which was in the lane *Ironmonger*‡—  
Which nobody can deny.

*Smithfield*§ he did cleave from dirt,  
And sure there was reason for't,  
For there he meant she should keep her court—  
Which nobody can deny.

\* A village four miles out of London.

† A lane in the city of London.

‡ Another in do.

§ A place used for selling cattle, &c.

But after, in a good time and tide,  
It was by the *blacksmith* ratified;  
To the honour of *Edmond Ironside*\*—  
Which nobody can deny.

*Vulcan* after made a train,  
Wherein the god of war was ta'en;  
Which ever since hath been call'd *Paul's chain*†—  
Which nobody can deny.

The common proverb as it is read,  
That a man must hit the nail on the head,  
Without the *blacksmith* cannot be said—  
Which nobody can deny.

Another must not be forgot,  
And falls unto the *blacksmith's* lot,  
That he must strike while the iron is hot—  
Which nobody can deny.

Another comes in most proper and fit,  
The *blacksmith's* justice is seen in it,  
When you give a man roast meat, and beat him with the spit—  
Which nobody can deny.

Another that's in the *blacksmith's* books,  
And only to him for remedy looks,  
Is when a man is quite off the hooks—  
Which nobody can deny.

Another that's in the *blacksmith's* way,  
When things are safe as old wives say,  
We have them under lock and key—  
Which nobody can deny.

Another proverb doth to him belong,  
And therefore let's do the *blacksmith* no wrong, (thong—  
Is when a man's held hard to it buckle and  
Which nobody can deny.

Another proverb doth make me laugh,  
Wherein the *blacksmith* may challenge half;  
When a reason's as p'ain as a pike staff—  
Which nobody can deny.

Tho' your lawyers travel near and far,  
And by long pleading, a good cause may mar, (bar—  
Yet your *blacksmith* takes more pains at the  
Which nobody can deny.

Tho' your scrivener seeks to crush & to kill,  
By his counterfeit deeds, & thereby doth ill;  
Yet your *blacksmith* may forge what he will—  
Which nobody can deny.

Tho' your bankrupt citizens lurk in their holes, (catch poles,  
And laugh at their creditors, and their  
Yet your *blacksmith* can fetch them over the coals—  
Which nobody can deny.

\* *Edmond II.* one of the kings of England, before William the Conqueror, surnamed *Iron-sides*, on account of his being of a robust and hardy constitution.

† A lane leading towards the river Thames.

Tho' Jockey in the stable be never so neat,  
To look to his nag, and prescribe him his meat; (give him a heat—

Yet your *blacksmith* knows better how to  
Which nobody can deny.

Your roaring boys, who every one quails,  
Fights, domineers, swaggers and rails,  
Could never yet make the *smith* eat his nails—

Which nobody can deny.

If any scholar be in doubt,  
And cannot well bring this matter about,  
The *blacksmith* can hammer it out—  
Which nobody can deny.

Now if to know him you would desire,  
You must not scorn, but rank him higher;  
For what he gets is out of the fire—  
Which nobody can deny.

Now here's a good health to *blacksmith's* all,  
And let it go round, as round as a ball;  
We'll drink it off though it cost us a fall—  
Which nobody can deny.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

## A FREE TRANSLATION OF THE LATIN ODE,

Which appeared in the Repository, No. 21.  
(Errata—in the 2d line of the Latin Ode, read *extitit* for *extilit*.)

DEAR volume of all my companions the sweetest, (compare,  
Indeed with thee none of them all can Say, for thou canst answer me still the completest, (care?  
How shalt thou reward all my trouble and Of Washington's turrets pray be not so fearful,\* (along;  
With courage advance, and step boldly For Jefferson lend to old Flacus his ear will, And friends to true merit will honour thy song.†

Lo! there, where an aristocratical faction,‡ Receiv'd its death wound from the arrows of truth,§ (traction,  
An altar shall rise to thy praise—and de- Shall never be able to sully thy youth.

\* In the original, *Te Roma cautum territal ardua*?—*Washington* is substituted in the place of *Rome*.

† *Urbis quo fidens dignitati*—the spirit of the original is preserved.

‡ *En quo furentis Eumenidum chorus*—were undoubtedly an aristocratic faction.

§ *Almo fulmine Jupiter*?—the arrows of truth—poetica licentia.

[The editor in the exercise of his duty, professes an entire neutrality with respect to parties in politics: he must not therefore be considered as sanctioning the sentiments contained in the last verse of the above translation.]